For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, and then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for prayſe an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſoueraignтie
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu.

Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould b
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thick
Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Mounſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta:*
Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible:
art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art loue
er then faire, beautifull then beauteous, truer the
haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. Then
& moſt illuſtrious King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the
indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*: and he it was, that
ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in t
baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See, a
he came one; ſee two; ouercame three: Who ca
Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to o
whom came he? to the Beggar. What ſaw he? the
ouercame he? the Beggar. The concluſion is
whoſe ſide? the Kings: the captiuitie is inricht: On w
Beggars. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſi
no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King
the compariſon) thou the Beggar, for ſo witneſſeth
Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforc
could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhall th
for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles: for thy ſelfe
pecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote
thy picture, and my heart on thy euery part.